

# Del Amitri, The First Rule Of Love

You'll get hooked, you'll get drugged  
She'll be your essence she'll be your blood  
And you'll want her so much but you'll never get enough  
And that's the first rule of love  
She'll smell so sweetly in the morning  
She'll make you feel so good inside  
And you'll want her so much you'll give everything else up  
And that's the first rule of love  
You'll grow comfortable together  
You'll start to fit like hand and glove  
And then you'll start to hate the men she used to dream of  
And that's the first rule of love  
You'll miss her madly, when you're apart  
Love is like gravity holding down your heart  
You'll grow envious and bitter  
She'll be enquiring and concerned  
And you'll feel so close to her but never close enough  
To get past the first rule of love  
And with the awkwardness of strangers  
You will finally give up  
No exceptions to the first rule of love